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THE TOUCHSTONES OF POETRY

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

MATTHEW ARNOLD *and* JOHN RUSKIN

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALBERT S. COOK.

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INTRODUCTION.

Of all the prose essayists in English, writing at the present day, Matthew Arnold is in spirit the most purely Greek. He is by no means purely Greek in his advocacy of that language and literature, in the insistence with which he recommends them to the attention of his countrymen, in a certain willingness, nay, readiness, to disparage other creations of human genius in comparison with the products of the Greek intellect; in all these he is rather Hebraic than Greek. For the Greek was content to rest in the assumption of his superiority to the rest of the world, and did not trouble himself to make converts to his ideas, except among people of his own race. It was not until Greece had become somewhat barbarized, and somewhat Orientalized, that it was impelled to undertake a crusade for the diffusion of the Greek spirit, and the dissemination of Greek civilization. It was the Macedonian Alexander who first seriously endeavored to effect the conversion of the barbarians to Hellenism, and his methods of persuading the 'Philistines' savored rather of those by which the

Hebrews overcame the Canaanitish opposition to their faith and themselves, than of the philosophy of Plato, or the serene neutrality, only slightly prejudiced against the 'Trojans, of Homer.

In so far, then, as Matthew Arnold is a preacher, denouncing the evils of his time, entreating the people of England and America to accept the remedy he proposes, and prophesying woe in the event of their refusal, he forsakes the calmness, the moderation, and, in its literal sense, the self-sufficiency of the Greek temper, and allows himself to become imbued with a fervency, a vatic rage, a proselytizing spirit, which we are accustomed to consider peculiarly Hebraic, though they belong, in some measure, to various peoples of the Orient. But it is in the general sanity of his mood, his imperturbability and equipoise, the subtlety of his distinctions, the unforced and equable flow of his style, and his talent for fully and perspicuously unfolding his thought, that his Greek qualities are to be found. We admire self-possession and composure ; we admire breadth and justness of view ; we admire lucidity ; and we find them all, though in various degrees of purity, in Matthew Arnold. His composure may sometimes appear rather supercilious ; his breadth of view may strike us as not wholly patriotic ; and his lucidity may occasionally incur the suspicion of shallowness. Never-

theless, composure, breadth of view, and lucidity do all belong to him, and they are all Greek.

John Ruskin, on the other hand, notwithstanding his possession of certain Greek qualities, is, in his prevailing disposition and mode of regarding life, essentially Hebraic. He is Greek in his curiosity, his love of philosophic science, and his sensitiveness to beauty. But he is Hebraic in virtue of traits which predominate over these, and which have given his life all its rational sequence and unity. The exaltation of truth above beauty is but one index of his earnest, strenuous nature. In his indignation at cruelty and callous selfishness; in his sense of the sacredness of life, and the loveliness of all its manifestations, when unperturbed; in his fellow-feeling with universal humanity, and in his deep and tender reverence for woman, Ruskin is akin to the sages, the prophets, and the singers who kept alive, through ages of darkness and misrule, the Hope of Israel, which was also the Hope of the world.

Thus disparate in the roots of their being, or at all events in their acquired susceptibilities and developed characters, might it not be expected that our two critics would differ radically in their canons of poetry? Will not Arnold advocate classic harmony and regularity, and be inclined to exalt style above content? Will not Ruskin depreciate exter-

nals, throw to the winds all accepted critical norms, and declare in favor of the burning words which pour tumultuously, and in disregard of all rule or precedent, from the mouth of the enraptured seer? Not so. The idiosyncracies of each have been tempered by education, and the education by which each has been spiritually nurtured and formed is two-fold. If Greek education consisted primarily in the culture of the intellect, and Hebrew education primarily in the fostering and training of the affections, the best modern education seeks to combine the two, and thus to prevent the overgrowth or inanition of any faculty. Consequently, though the master-tendency of either critic can not be wholly suppressed, we shall find substantial harmony in the views which Ruskin and Arnold enunciate or imply. Imply,—for Arnold scruples to enunciate his criteria in plain terms, or rather despairs of obtaining the plain terms in which his criteria might be enunciated. He warns us off from an attempt at definition, saying,—‘But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it.’ Such being the case, we shall, in the main, be obliged to depend upon Ruskin for the language of these canons, observing what confirmation is afforded by Arnold’s examples, and still further

assuring ourselves by quotation from one of Arnold's masters,—Joubert.

It may be noted that Ruskin limits himself, in his choice of illustrations, to a single poet. But we may be certain, on the faith of his other writings, that he would not refuse to accept Dante and Milton as well. With Homer he has less affinity, yet it can scarcely be doubted that his own admiration for the passages quoted in no sense falls below that of Arnold. With Virgil the case is somewhat different; to him Matthew Arnold himself is chary of allusion. This arises from the fact that Virgil is less independent, less unaffected, and less easily capable of sublimity or grandeur than the others. Virgil mounts with more effort, and awakens the apprehension that his wings are Dædalian, and will melt if he approaches the sun too nearly.

The third of Ruskin's canons seems to have been admitted by a kind of oversight. It is not easy to discern how emphatic and clear utterance, in the literal sense of the words, can be a mark of literary style. Probably King Henry's words were emphatically and clearly uttered, but they might have been rapidly and slurringly delivered without annulling their greatness. With this exception, then, we may be warranted in a serious examination of Ruskin's criteria in their order.

1. Absolute command over all passion, however

intense. This tenet is exemplified by the first quotation on p. 8, and the second on p. 10. Joubert has: 'Mind controlling matter, reason swaying the passions, and taste mastering energy,—these are the characteristics of the beautiful.'

2. Choice of the fewest and simplest words. So Arnold says (pp. 12, 13): 'Both these styles, the simple and the severe, are truly grand . . . But the simple is no doubt to be preferred . . . The grand style in simplicity is inimitable.' Thus Joubert: 'Prodigality of words and thoughts betrays a foolish mind. It is not abundance, but excellence, that makes a style rich.' In another place: 'A man is not an architect because he has built a great wall; and a man may write a big book without being an author.' And again: 'Words, like glass, darken whatever they do not help us to see.'

3. Absolute spontaneity. This signifies that king, hero, or bard has a message to deliver which is prompted by his better genius, and, like the heralds in Homer, he delivers it just as it is dictated to him. This principle (to employ Lewes' terminology) is sincerity, in conjunction with and dependent on vision. It is what Matthew Arnold means (p. 7) by 'truth and seriousness.' Joubert hints at it in many places, as when he speaks of 'that sobriety which allows no disturbing influence to retard an impression,' or says, 'All eloquence

should have its rise in emotion'; in both cases referring to the exact correspondence between the truth seen, or the feeling experienced, and the words in which truth or feeling find utterance; in both cases giving prominence to that immediacy which is the characteristic note of spontaneity.

4. Melody in the words. So Matthew Arnold (p. 7): 'To the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement.' And so Joubert: 'Their best literature is marked by choiceness and lucidity of thought, by well-selected words that delight through their natural harmony.'

5. Utmost spiritual contents in the words. Arnold knows two grand styles, the simple and the severe. The severe naturally arises when the poet's mind is too full charged to suffer him to speak more explicitly' (p. 11). But Joubert is still more felicitous, and deserves to speak the final word: 'It is not the opinions of authors and what in their teaching may be termed assertions, that instruct and nourish the mind. There is, in reading great authors, an invisible and hidden essence—a nameless something, a fluid, a salt, a subtle principle—which is more nourishing than all the rest.'

ALBERT S. COOK.

TOUCHSTONES OF POETRY.

I

Indeed there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers;—or take his

Ἄ δειλῶ, τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηλεΐ ἄνακτι
θνητῶ; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε.
ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον;

(‘Ah, unhappy pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men born to misery ye might have sorrow?’)

—Iliad, xvii. 443-5.

the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus;—or, take finally, his

Καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι,

(‘Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy.’)—Iliad, xxiv. 543.

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino’s tremendous words :—

‘Io non piangeva; si dentro impietrai.
Piangevan elli . . .’

(‘I wailed not, so of stone grew I within; *they* wailed.’)
—Inferno, xxxiii. 49, 50.

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Virgil :—

‘Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
Nè fiamma d’esto incendio non m’assale . . .’

(‘Of such sort hath God, thanked be his mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me.’)—Inferno, ii. 91–3.

take the simple, but perfect, single line :—

‘In la sua volontade è nostra pace.’

(‘In His will is our peace.’)—Paradiso, iii. 85.

Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry the Fourth’s expostulation with sleep :—

‘Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy’s eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . .’

—2 Henry IV, iii. 1. 20–2.

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio:—

' If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story . . . '

—Hamlet, v. 2. 354-7.

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage:—

' Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek . . . '

—P. L., i. 599-602.

add two such lines as:—

' And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome . . . '

—P. L., i. 108-9.

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine, the loss

' . . . which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.'

—P. L., iv. 270-1.

These few lines, if we have tact and can use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely from one another, but they have in common this: the

possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly penetrated by their power, we shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labor to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples;—to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*. They are far better recognized by being felt in the verse of the master, than by being perused in the prose of the critic. Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by

the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other poetry which is akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness. Let us add, therefore, to what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself evident, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also, we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be

wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high stamp of diction and movement, again, is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

—*Matthew Arnold, Introduction to Ward's English Poets, pp. xxv-xxix.*

II

The most essentially grand and characteristic things of Homer are such things as:—

ἔτλην δ', οἷ' οὐπω τις ἐπιχθόνιος βροτὸς ἄλλος,
ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνου ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρέγεσθαι,

(‘And I have endured—the like whereof no soul upon the earth hath yet endured—to carry to my lips the hand of him who slew my child.’)—*Iliad*, xxiv. 505-6.

or as—

καὶ σὲ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι,

(‘Nay and thou too, old man, in times past wert, as we hear, happy.’)—*Iliad*, xxiv, 543. In the original this line, for mingled pathos and dignity, is perhaps without a rival, even in Homer.)

or as—

ὡς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν,
ζῶειν ἀχνομένοις· αὐτοὶ δὲ τ' ἀκηδέες εἰσίν.

(‘For so have the gods spun our destiny to us wretched mortals,—that we should live in sorrow; but they themselves are without trouble.’)—*Iliad*, xxiv. 525.

—*Matthew Arnold, Last Words on Translating Homer, pp. 295-6.*

III

I may discuss what, in the abstract, constitutes the grand style; but that sort of general discussion never much helps our judgment of particular instances. I may say that the presence or absence of the grand style can only be spiritually discerned; and this is true, but to plead this looks like evading the difficulty. My best way is to take eminent specimens of the grand style. . . . For example, when Homer says:—

*ἀλλά, φίλος, θάνε καὶ σὺ· τίη ὀλφύρεαι οὕτως;
κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅπερ σέο πόλλ' ἂν ἀμείνων,*

(‘Be content, good friend, die also thou! why lamentest thou thyself on this wise? Patroclus, too, died, who was a far better than thou.’)—*Iliad*, xxi. 106-7.

that is in the grand style. When Virgil says:—

‘Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis,’

(‘From me, young man, learn nobleness of soul and true effort: learn success from others.’)—*Aeneid*, xii. 435-6.

that is in the grand style. When Dante says:—

‘Lascio lo fele, et vo pei dolci pomi
Promessi a me per lo verace Duca;
Ma fino al centro pria convien ch’ io tomi.’

(‘I leave the gall of bitterness, and I go for the apples of sweetness promised unto me by my faithful Guide; but far as the centre it behoves me first to fall.’)—*Inferno*, xvi. 61-3.

that is in the grand style. When Milton says:—

‘ His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured,’

—P. L., i. 591-3.

that, finally, is in the grand style.

—*Matthew Arnold, On Translating Homer, pp. 194-5.*

IV

But let me, at any rate, have the pleasure of again giving, before I begin to try and define the grand style, a specimen of what it is.

‘ Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fall’n on evil days,
On evil days though fall’n, and evil tongues . . . ’ *

There is the grand style in perfection ; and any one who has a sense for it, will feel it a thousand times better from repeating those lines than from hearing anything I can say about it.

Let us try, however, what *can* be said, controlling what we say by examples. I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry, *when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.* I think this definition will be found to cover all instances of the grand style in poetry which present themselves. I

* P. L., vii. 23-26.

think it will be found to exclude all poetry which is not in the grand style. And I think it contains no terms which are obscure, which themselves need defining. Even those who do not understand what is meant by calling poetry noble, will understand, I imagine, what is meant by speaking of a noble nature in a man. . . .

The best model of the grand style simple is Homer; perhaps the best model of the grand style severe is Milton. But Dante is remarkable for affording admirable examples of both styles; he has the grand style which arises from simplicity, and he has the grand style which arises from severity; and from him I will illustrate them both. In a former lecture I pointed out what that severity of poetical style is, which comes from saying a thing with a kind of intense compression, or in an allusive, brief, almost haughty way, as if the poet's mind were charged with so many and such grave matters, that he would not deign to treat any one of them explicitly. Of this severity the last line of the following stanza of the *Purgatory* is a good example. Dante has been telling Forese that Virgil had guided him through Hell, and he goes on:—

‘ Indi m’han tratto su gli suoi conforti,
Salendo e rigirando la Montagna
Che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti.’*

* Purgatorio xxiii. 124-6.

‘Thence hath his comforting aid led me up, climbing and circling the mountain, *which straightens you whom the world made crooked.*’ These last words, ‘*la Montagna che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti,*’—‘the Mountain *which straightens you whom the world made crooked*’,—for the Mountain of Purgatory, I call an excellent specimen of the grand style in severity, where the poet’s mind is too full charged to suffer him to speak more explicitly. But the very next stanza is a beautiful specimen of the grand style in simplicity, where a noble nature and a poetical gift unite to utter a thing with the most limpid plainness and clearness:—

‘Tanto dice di farmi sua compagna
Ch’io sarò là dove fia Beatrice;
Quivi convien che senza lui rimagna.’†

‘So long,’ Dante continues, ‘so long he (Virgil) saith he will bear me company, until I shall be there where Beatrice is ; there it behoves that without him I remain.’ But the noble simplicity of that in the Italian no words of mine can render.

Both these styles, the simple and the severe, are truly grand ; the severe seems, perhaps, the grandest, so long as we attend most to the great personality, to the noble nature, in the poet its author ; the simple seems the grandest when we attend most to the exquisite faculty, to the poetical gift. But

† Purgatorio, xxiii. 127-9.

the simple is no doubt to be preferred. It is the more *magical*: in the other there is something intellectual, something which gives scope for a play of thought which may exist where the poetical gift is either wanting or present in only inferior degree: the severe is much more imitable, and this a little spoils its charm. A kind of semblance of this style keeps Young going, one may say, through all the nine parts of that most indifferent production, the *Night Thoughts*. But the grand style in simplicity is inimitable:

αἶὼν ἀσφαλῆς
 οὐκ ἔγεντ' οὐτ' Αἰακίδα παρὰ Πηλεΐ,
 οὔτε παρ' ἀντιθέῳ Κάδμῳ· λέγονται μὰν βροτῶν
 ὄλβον ὑπέρτατον οἱ σχεῖν, οἱ τε καὶ χρυσαμπύκων
 μελπομενᾶν ἐν ὄρει Μοισᾶν, καὶ ἐν ἑπταπίλοις
 αἶὼν Θήβαις . . .

(‘A secure time fell to the lot neither of Peleus the son of Æacus, nor of the godlike Cadmus; howbeit these are said to have had, of all mortals, the supreme of happiness, who heard the golden-snooded Muses sing, one of them on the mountain (Pelion), the other in seven-gated Thebes.’)

—Pindar, P. iii. 86-91.

There is a limpidness in that, a want of salient points to seize and transfer, which makes imitation impossible, except by a genius akin to the genius which produced it.

—Matthew Arnold, *Last Words on Translating
 Homer*, pp. 265-9.

V

But, first of all, putting the question of who writes, or speaks, aside, do you, good reader, *know* good 'style' when you get it? Can you say, of half-a-dozen given lines taken anywhere out of a novel, or poem, or play: That is good, essentially, in style, or bad, essentially? and can you say why such half-dozen lines are good, or bad?

I imagine that in most cases the reply would be given with hesitation, yet if you will give me a little patience, and take some accurate pains, I can show you the main tests of style in the space of a couple of pages.

I take two examples of absolutely perfect, and in manner highest, *i. e.* kingly, and heroic, style: the first example in expression of anger, the second of love.

- (1) ' We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us:
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.'^{*}
- (2) ' My gracious Silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laughed, had I come coffin'd home
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear
And mothers that lack sons.'[†]

* Henry V, i. 2. 259-263.

† Coriolanus, ii. 1. 192-6.

Let us note, point by point, the conditions of greatness common to both these passages, so opposite in temper:

A. Absolute command over all passion, however intense; this the first-of-first conditions, (see the King's own sentence just before, 'We are no tyrant, but a Christian King, Unto *whose grace* our passion is as subject As are our wretches fettered in our prisons'); and with this self-command, the supremely surveying grasp of every thought that is to be uttered, before its utterance; so that each may come in its exact place, time, and connection. The slightest hurry, the misplacing of a word, or the unnecessary accent on a syllable, would destroy the 'style' in an instant.

B. Choice of the fewest and simplest words that can be found in the compass of the language, to express the thing meant: these few words being also arranged in the most straightforward and intelligible way; allowing inversion only when the subject can be made primary without obscurity: (Thus, 'his present, and your pains, we thank you for' is better than 'we thank you for his present and your pains,' because the Dauphin's gift is by courtesy put before the Ambassador's pains; but 'when to these balls our rackets we have match'd,' would have spoiled the style in a mo-

ment, because—I was going to have said—ball and racket are of equal rank, and therefore only the natural order proper; but also here the natural order is the desired one, the English racket to have precedence of the French ball. In the fourth line the ‘in France’ comes first, as announcing the most important resolution of action; the ‘by God’s grace’ next, as the only condition rendering resolution possible; the detail of issue follows with the strictest limit in the final word. The King does not say ‘danger,’ far less ‘dishonor,’ but ‘hazard’ only; of *that* he is, humanly speaking, sure.

C. Perfectly emphatic and clear utterance of the chosen words; slowly in the degree of their importance, with omission, however, of every word not absolutely required; and natural use of the familiar contractions of final dissyllable. Thus, ‘play a set shall strike’ is better than ‘play a set *that* shall strike,’ and ‘match’d’ is kingly short—no necessity could have excused ‘matched’ instead. On the contrary, the three first words, ‘We are glad,’ would have been spoken by the King more slowly and fully than any other syllables in the whole passage, first pronouncing the kingly ‘we’ at its proudest, and then the ‘are’ as a continuous state, and then the ‘glad’ as the exact

contrary of what the ambassadors expected him to be.

D. Absolute spontaneity in doing all this, easily and necessarily as the heart beats. The king *cannot* speak otherwise than he does—nor the hero. The words not merely come to them, but are compelled to them. Even lisping numbers ‘come,’ but mighty numbers are ordained, and inspired.

E. Melody in the words, changeable with their passion, fitted to it exactly, and the utmost of which the language is capable—the melody in prose being Eolian and variable—in verse, nobler by submitting itself to stricter law. I will enlarge upon this point presently.

F. Utmost spiritual contents in the words; so that each carries not only its instant meaning, but a cloudy companionship of higher or darker meaning according to the passion—nearly always indicated by metaphor: ‘play a set’—sometimes by abstraction—(thus in the second passage, ‘silence’ for silent one); sometimes by description instead of direct epithet (‘coffined’ for dead); but always indicative of there being more in the speaker’s mind than he has said, or than he can say, full though his saying be. On the quantity of this attendant fullness depends the majesty of style;

that is to say, virtually, on the quantity of contained thought in briefest words, such thought being primarily loving and true : and this the sum of all—that nothing can be well said, but with truth, nor beautifully, but by love.

—*Ruskin, Fiction—Fair and Foul, in Nineteenth Century, viii. 401-3.*

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